

GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, greeting. Whereas *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly*, Citizens and Booksellers of our City of London, have, by their Petition, humbly represented unto us that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the **WHOLE WORKS** of the late Doctor **ISAAC WATTS**, and that they are now printing, and preparing for the Press, new Editions, with Improvements, of several of the separate Pieces of the said Doctor *Isaac Watts*: They have therefore most humbly prayed us, that we would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore, by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the said *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works, for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects, within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute, any Copies thereof, printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: Whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of our City of London, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein signified.

By his Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

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1.
D I V I N E
S O N G S

ATTEMPTED IN
E A S Y L A N G U A G E
FOR THE USE OF
C H I L D R E N.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

MATT. xxi. 16.

Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings thou hast
perfected Praise.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. BUCKLAND; J. F. AND
C. RIVINGTON; T. LONGMAN; T. FIELD;
AND C. DILLY.

MDCCLXXXVII.

DIVINE

S O N S

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE

FOR THE USE OF

C H I L D R E N

By WATTS, D. D.

MATT. KELLY

Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings: chosen Passages
corrected Edition



L O N D O N

PRINTED FOR J. B. LACKLAND, 1, N. AND

C. RIVINGTON, T. LONGMAN, & FIELD,

AND

MIDDLESEX

P R E F A C E:

To all that are concerned in the

EDUCATION of CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

IT is an awful and important Charge that is committed to you. The Wisdom and Welfare of the succeeding Generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your Conduct. The Seeds of Misery or Happiness, in this World and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the Minds of Children a Re-

lish for Virtue and Religion ought, in the first Place, to be proposed to you.

VERSE was at first designed for the Service of GOD, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their Children and Disciples the Precepts of Morality and Worship in Verse. The Children of Israel were commanded to learn the Words of the Song of Moses, *Deut. xxxi. 19, 30.* and we are directed, in the New Testament, not only to sing *with Grace in the Heart*, but to *teach and admonish one another by Hymns and Songs*, *Ephes. v. 19.* And there are these four Advantages in it:

I. THERE is a great Delight in the very learning of Truths and Duties this Way. There is something so amusing

amusing and entertaining in Rhymes and Metre, that will incline Children to make this Part of their Business a Diversion. And you may turn their very Duty into a Reward, by giving them the Privilege of learning one of these SONGS every Week, if they fulfil the Business of the Week well, and promising them the Book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty Songs out of it.

II. WHAT is learnt in Verse is longer retained in Memory and sooner recollected. The like Sounds, and the like Number of Syllables, exceedingly assist the Remembrance. And it may often happen, that the End of a Song, running in the Mind, may be an effectual Means to keep off some Temptations, or to incline to some Duty, when a Word of Scripture is not upon their Thoughts.

III.

III. THIS will be a constant Furniture for the Minds of Children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their Thoughts a divine Turn, and raise a young Meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek Relief for an Emptiness of Mind out of the loose and dangerous Sonnets of the Age.

IV. THESE *Divine Songs* may be a pleasant and proper Matter for their daily or weekly Worship, to sing one in the Family, at such Time as the Parents or Governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the Verse to the most usual Psalm Tunes.

THE greatest Part of this little Book was composed several Years ago, at the Request of a Friend, who has been long

P R E F A C E.

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long engaged in the Work of catechising a very great Number of Children of all Kinds, and with abundant Skill and Success. So that you will find here Nothing that favours of a Party: The Children of high and low Degree, of the Church of England or Dissenters, baptized in Infancy or not, may all join together in these Songs. And, as I have endeavoured to sink the Language to the Level of a Child's Understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above Contempt, so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope, the more general the Sense is, these Compositions may be of the more universal Use and Service.

I HAVE added, at the End, some Attempts of SONNETS on MORAL SUBJECTS, for Children, with an Air of Pleasantry, to provoke some fitter

fitter Pen to write a little Book of
them. To render it a very great Number of

MAY the Almighty God make you
faithful in this important Work of
Education; may he succeed your Cares
with his abundant Grace, that the
rising Generation of Great-Britain may
be a Glory among the Nations, a Pat-
tern to the Christian World, and a
Blessing to the Earth!

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C O N

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A slight Specimen of MORAL SONGS, namely,

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DIVINE

DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

I.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the Sky!
How shall a Child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

II.

How great his Pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his Grace;
Not Men below, nor Saints that dwell
On high before his Face.

B

III.

Not Angels, that stand round the LORD
 Can search his secret Will;
 But they perform his heav'nly Word,
 And sing his Praises still.

IV.

Then let me join this holy Train,
 And my first Off'rings bring;
 Th' eternal GOD will not disdain
 To hear an Infant sing.

V.

My Heart resolves, my Tongue obeys,
 And Angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mighty Maker's Praise
 Sound from a feeble Voice!

SONG II.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I.

I Sing th' Almighty Pow'r of God,
 That made the Mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing Seas abroad,
 And built the lofty Skies!

II.

I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd
The Sun to rule the Day ;
The Moon shines full at his Command,
And all the Stars obey.

III.

I sing the Goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the Earth with Food ;
He form'd the Creatures with his Word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

LORD, how thy Wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine Eye !
If I survey the Ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the Sky !

V.

There's not a Plant or Flow'r below
But makes thy Glories known ;
And Clouds arise, and Tempests blow,
By Order from thy Throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy Care ;
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.

VII.

In Heav'n he shines with Beams of Love,
 With Wrath in Hell beneath!
 'Tis on his Earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his Air I breathe.

VIII.

His Hand is my perpetual Guard;
 He keeps me with his Eye:
 Why should I then forget the LORD,
 Who is for ever nigh?

S O N G III.

Praise to GOD for our Redemption.

I.

BLEST be the Wisdom and the Pow'r,
 The Justice and the Grace,
 That join'd in Counsel to restore
 And save our ruin'd Race.

II.

Our Father ate forbidden Fruit,
 And from his Glory fell;
 And we his Children thus were brought
 To Death, and near to Hell.

III.

Blest be the LORD that sent his Son
To take our Flesh and Blood;
He for our Lives gave up his own
To make our Peace with God.

IV.

He honour'd all his Father's Laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our Sins upon the Cross,
And our full Ransom paid.

V.

Behold him rising from the Grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his Merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious Throne he reigns,
And by his Pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish Chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

VII.

Thence shall the Lord to Judgment come,
And with a sov'reign Voice
Shall call, and break up ev'ry Tomb,
While waking Saints rejoice.

VIII.

O may I then with Joy appear
 Before the Judge's Face,
 And with the blest'd Assembly there
 Sing his redeeming Grace!

SONG IV.

*Praise for Mercies Spiritual and
 Temporal.*

I.

WHene'er I take my Walks abroad,
 How many Poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his Gifts to me?

II.

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has giv'n me more;
 For I have Food, while others starve,
 Or beg from Door to Door.

III.

How many Children in the Street
 Half naked I behold!
 While I am cloth'd from Head to Feet,
 And cover'd from the Cold!

IV.

While some poor Wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their Head,
I have a Home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my Bed.

V.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
LORD, I am taught thy Name to fear,
And do thy holy Will.

VI.

Are these thy Favours, Day by Day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

S O N G V.

*Praise for Birth and Education in a
Christian Land.*

I.

GR^{EAT} GOD, to thee my Voice I raise,
To thee my youngest Hours belong;
I would begin my Life with Praise,
Till growing Years improve the Song.

II.

'Tis to thy sov'reign Grace I owe
That I was born on British Ground;
Where Streams of heav'nly Mercy flow,
And Words of sweet Salvation found.

III.

I would not change my native Land
For rich Peru, with all her Gold:
A nobler Prize lies in my Hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

IV.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where Ignorance or Darkness reigns!
They know no Heav'n, they fear no Hell,
Those endless Joys, those endless Pains.

V.

Thy glorious Promises, O LORD,
Kindle my Hopes and my Desire;
While all the Preachers of thy Word
Warn me to 'scape eternal Fire.

VI.

Thy Praise shall still employ my Breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my Way to Heav'n;
Nor will I run the Road to Death,
And waste the Blessings thou hast giv'n.

SONG VI.

Praise for the Gospel.

I.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy Grace,
And not to Chance, as others do,
That I was born of CHRISTIAN Race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

II.

What would the ancient Jewish Kings,
And Jewish Prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious
Things,
Which CHRIST reveal'd and brought from
Heav'n?

III.

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd Idols, Wood and Stone,
If they the Book of GOD had seen,
Or JESUS and his Gospel known!

IV.

Then, if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine Eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in Judgment rise.

SONG VII.

The Excellency of the BIBLE.

I.

[Praise

GREAT GOD, with Wonder and with
On all thy Works I look;
But still thy Wisdom, Pow'r, and Grace,
Shine brightest in thy Book.

II.

The Stars, that in their Courses roll,
Have much Instruction giv'n;
But thy good Word informs my Soul
How I may climb to Heav'n.

III.

The Fields provide me Food, and shew
The Goodness of the LORD;
But Fruits of Life and Glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

IV.

Here are my choicest Treasures hid,
Here my best Comfort lies:
Here my Desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my Hopes arise.

V.

LORD, make me understand thy Law;
Shew what my Faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my Sin.

VI.

Here would I learn how CHRIST has dy'd
To save my Soul from Hell:
Not all the Books on Earth beside
Such heav'nly Wonders tell.

VII.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh Delight
By Day to read these Wonders o'er,
And meditate by Night.

S O N G VIII.

Praise to GOD for learning to read.

I.

THE Praises of my Tongue
I offer to the LORD,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy Word.

II.

That I am brought to know
The Danger I was in,
By Nature and by Practice too,
A wretched Slave to Sin.

III.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a Sinner flee
To save himself from Hell?

IV.

Dear LORD, this Book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For Grace to pardon all my Sin,
And make me holy too.

V.

Here I can read and learn,
How CHRIST, the Son of GOD,
Did undertake our great Concern;
Our Ransom cost his Blood.

VI.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the Wonders of his Love,
And make his Gospel known.

VII.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my Heart receive,
Those Truths, which all thy Servants preach,
And all thy Saints believe.

VIII.

Then shall I praise the LORD
In a more cheerful Strain,
That I was taught to read his Word,
And have not learnt in vain.

S O N G IX.

The All-seeing GOD.

I.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing Eye
Strikes thro' the Shades of Night,
And our most secret Actions lie
All open to thy Sight.

II.

There's not a Sin that we commit,
Nor wicked Word we say,
But in thy dreadful Book 'tis writ,
Against the Judgment-Day.

III.

And must the Crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While Men and Angels hear?

IV.

LORD, at thy Foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my Sins before I die,
And blot them from thy Book.

V.

Remember all the dying Pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his Blood wash out my Stains,
And answer for my Guilt.

VI.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful Thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry Fault.

SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

I.

THERE is a GOD that reigns above,
LORD of the Heav'ns and Earth and
Seas:

I fear his Wrath, I ask his Love,
And with my Lips I sing his Praise.

II.

There is a Law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My Soul, to his Commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

III.

There is a Gospel of rich Grace,
Whence Sinners all their Comforts draw:
LORD, I repent, and seek thy Face;
For I have often broke thy Law.

IV.

There is an Hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand Children, young as I,
Are call'd by Death to hear their Doom.

V.

Let me improve the Hours I have,
Before the Day of Grace is fled;
There's no Repentance in the Grave,
Nor Pardons offer'd to the dead.

VI.

Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To North or Southward, there it lies;
So Man departs to Heaven or Hell,
Fix'd in the State wherein he dies.

S O N G X I.

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is beyond the Sky,
A heav'n of Joy and Love;
And holy Children, when they die,
Go to that World above.

II.

There is a dreadful Hell,
And everlasting Pains:
There Sinners must with Devils dwell,
In Darkness, Fire, and Chains.

III.

Can such a Wretch as I
 Escape this cursed End?
 And may I hope, whene'er I die,
 I shall to Heav'n ascend?

IV.

Then will I read and pray,
 While I have Life and Breath;
 Lest I should be cut off To-day,
 And sent t' eternal Death.

S O N G XII.

The Advantages of early Religion.

I.

HAPPY the Child whose tender Years
 Receive Instructions well:
 Who hates the Sinner's Path, and fears
 The Road that leads to Hell.

II.

When we devote our Youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his Eyes;
 A Flow'r, when offer'd in the Bud,
 Is no vain Sacrifice.

III.

'Tis easier Work, if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;
While Sinners that grow old in Sin
Are harden'd in their Crimes.

IV.

'Twill save us from a thousand Snares,
To mind Religion young;
Grace will preserve our following Years,
And make our Virtue strong.

V.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our Childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole Lives were thine.

VI.

Let the sweet Work of Pray'r and Praise
Employ my youngest Breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer Days,
Or fit for early Death.

SONG XIII.

The Danger of Delay.

I.

WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
" To seek for Heav'n, or think of
Death?"

A Flow'r may fade before 'tis Noon,
And I this Day may lose my Breath.

II.

If this rebellious Heart of mine
Despise the gracious Calls of Heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my Sin,
And never have Repentance giv'n.

III.

What if the LORD grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an Ear
To all my Groans another Day!

IV.

What if his dreadful Anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd Grace,
And all his Love to Fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the Place!

V.

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God !
 His Pow'r and Vengeance none can tell ;
 One Stroke of his almighty Rod
 Shall send young Sinners quick to Hell.

VI.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for Pardon and for Grace ;
 To wish I had my Time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's Face.

S O N G XIV.

Examples of early Piety.

I.

WHAT blest'd Examples do I find ;
 Writ in the Word of Truth,
 Of Children that began to mind
 Religion in their Youth !

II.

JESUS, who reigns above the Sky,
 And keeps the World in Awe,
 Was once a Child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's Law.

III.

At Twelve Years old he talk'd with Men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand,)
Yet he obey'd his Mother then,
And came at her Command.

IV.

Children a sweet Hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's Name;
They gave him Honour with their Tongue,
While Scribes and Priests blaspheme.

V.

SAMUEL the Child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the LORD;
Young TIMOTHY betimes was taught
To know his holy Word.

VI.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another Day
Without this Work begun.

SONG XV.

Against Lying.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely Thing for Youth
To walk betimes in Wisdom's Way,
To fear a Lie, to speak the Truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

II.

But Liars we can never trust, [true
Tho' they should speak the Thing that
And he that does one Fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

III.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read
How God abhors Deceit and Wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a Lie upon his Tongue?

IV.

So did his Wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked Lie
That just before her Husband told.

V.

The LORD delights in them that speak
The Words of Truth; but ev'ry Liar
Must have his Portion in the Lake
That burns with Brimstone and with Fire.

VI.

Then let me always watch my Lips,
Left I be struck to Death and Hell,
Since GOD a Book of Reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry Lie that Children tell.

S O N G XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

I.

LET Dogs delight to bark and bite,
For GOD hath made them so;
Let Bears and Lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their Nature too.

II.

But, Children, you should never let
Such angry Passions rise;
Your little Hands were never made
To tear each other's Eyes,

III.

Let Love through all your Actions run,
 And all your Words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.

IV.

His Soul was gentle as a Lamb;
 And, as his Stature grew,
 He grew in Favour both with Man,
 And God his Father too.

V.

Now, LORD of all, he reigns above,
 And from his heav'nly Throne
 He sees what Children dwell in Love,
 And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

I.

WHatever Brawls disturb the Street,
 There should be Peace at Home;
 Where Sisters dwell, and Brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

II.

Birds in their little Nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful Sight,
When Children of one Family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

III.

Hard Names at first, and threatning Words,
That are but noisy Breath,
May grow to Clubs and naked Swords,
To Murder and to Death.

IV.

The Devil tempts one Mother's Son
To rage against another,
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his Brother.

V.

The Wife will make their Anger cool,
At least before 'tis Night ;
But in the Bosom of a Fool
It burns till Morning-light.

VI.

Pardon, O LORD; our childish Rage,
Our little Brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper Age,
Our Hearts may all be Love.

D

SONG XVIII.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

I.

[LORD

OUR Tongues were made to bless the
And not speak Ill of Men;
When others give a railing Word,
We must not rail again.

II.

Cross Words and angry Names require
To be chastis'd at School;
And he's in Danger of Hell-fire
That calls his Brother Fool.

III.

But Lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy Things or holy Men,
The LORD shall cut them off.

IV.

When Children in their wanton Play
Serv'd old ELISHA so;
And bid the Prophet go his Way,
"Go up, thou Bald-Head, go:"

V.

God quickly stopp'd their wicked Breath,
And sent two raging Bears,
That tore them Limb from Limb to Death,
With Blood, and Groans, and Tears.

VI.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To Sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy Grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my Tongue.

S O N G XIX.

*Against Swearing, and Cursing, and
taking God's Name in vain.*

I.

ANGELS, that high in Glory dwell,
Adore thy Name, Almighty God!
And Devils tremble, down in Hell,
Beneath the Terrors of thy Rod.

II.

And yet, how wicked Children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious Name!
And, when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their Fellows, and blaspheme!

III.

How will they stand before thy Face,
Who treated thee with such Disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the Place
Of everlasting Fire and Pain?

IV.

Then never shall one cooling Drop
To quench their burning Tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my Tongue in Heav'n.

V.

My Heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the LORD above;
'Tis that great GOD whose Pow'r I fear;
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

VI.

If my Companions grow profane,
I'll leave their Friendship when I hear
Young Sinners take thy Name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

I.

HOW doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining Hour,
And gather Honey all the Day
From ev'ry op'ning Flow'r!

II.

How skilfully she builds her Cell!
How neat she spreads the Wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet Food she makes.

III.

In works of Labour, or of Skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some Mischief still
For idle Hands to do.

IV.

In Books, or Work, or healthful Play,
Let my first Years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry Day
Some good Account at last.

SONG XXI.

Against Evil Company.

I.

WHY should I join with those in Play,
In whom I've no Delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill Names and fight.

II.

I hate to hear a wanton Song,
Their Words offend mine Ears;
I should not dare defile my Tongue
With Language such as theirs.

III.

Away from Fools I'll turn mine Eyes;
Nor with the Scoffers go:
I would be walking with the Wise,
That wiser I may grow.

IV.

From one rude Boy, that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked Jest:
One sickly Sheep infects the Flock,
And poisons all the rest.

V.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful Children here;
Then let me not be sent to Hell,
Where none but Sinners are.

S O N G XXII.

Against Pride in Clothes.

I.

[hide

WHY should our Garments made to
Our Parents Shame, provoke our
Pride?

The Art of Dress did ne'er begin,
Till EVE our Mother learnt to sin.

II.

When first she put the Cov'ring on,
Her Robe of Innocence was gone;
And yet her Children vainly boast
In the sad Marks of Glory lost.

III.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our Clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor Sheep and Silk-worm wore
That very Clothing long before.

IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly
Appear in gayer Coats than I :
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, Worms, and Flow'rs, exceed me still.

V.

Then will I set my Heart to find
Inward Adornings of the Mind ;
Knowledge and Virtue, Truth and Grace ;
These are the Robes of richest Dress.

VI.

No more shall Worms with me compare ;
This is the Raiment Angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest Apparel too.

VII.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the Rain, nor Moth, nor Mould :
It takes no Spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

VIII.

In this on Earth should I appear,
Then go to Heav'n and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his Sight,
'Tis his own Work, and his Delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

I.

LET Children that would fear the LORD,
Hear what their Teachers say;
With Rev'rence meet their Parents Word,
And with Delight obey.

II.

Have you not heard what dreadful Plagues
Are threaten'd by the LORD,
To him that breaks his Father's Law,
Or mocks his Mother's Word?

III.

What heavy Guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his Name!
The Ravens shall pick out his Eyes,
And Eagles eat the same.

IV.

But those who worship God, and give
Their Parents Honour due,
Here on this Earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

I.

WHY should I love my Sport so well,
So constant at my Play,
And lose the Thoughts of Heav'n and Hell,
And then forget to pray!

II.

What do I read my Bible for,
But, LORD, to learn thy Will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

III.

How senseless is my Heart, and wild!
How vain are all my Thoughts!
Pity the Weakness of a Child,
And pardon all my Faults.

IV.

Make me thy heav'nly Voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious Ear
To what a Child can say.

S O N G XXV.

A M O R N I N G S O N G.

I.

ell, MY God, who makes the Sun to know
ell, His proper Hour to rise,
And to give Light to all below,
Doth send him round the Skies!

II.

When from the Chambers of the East
His Morning Race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the World he shines!

III.

So, like the Sun, would I fulfil
The Business of the Day:
Begin my Work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly Way.

IV.

Give me, O LORD, thy early Grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young Morning of my Days
Has all been spent in vain!

SONG XXVI.

An EVENING SONG.

I.

AND now another Day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's Praise;
 My Comforts ev'ry Hour make known
 His Providence and Grace.

II.

But how my Childhood runs to waste!
 My Sins, how great their Sum!
 LORD give me Pardon for the past,
 And Strength for Days to come.

III.

I lay my Body down to Sleep;
 Let Angels guard my Head,
 And, through the Hours of Darknes, keep
 Their Watch around my Bed.

IV.

With cheerful Heart I close my Eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove;
 And in the Morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy Love.

S O N G XXVII.

For the LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

I.

THIS is the Day when CHRIST arose
So early from the Dead ;
Why should I keep my Eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my Hours in Bed ?

II.

This is the Day when JESUS broke
The Pow'r of Death and Hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's Yoke,
And love my Sins so well ?

III.

To-day with Pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the Word ;
And I would go with cheerful Feet
To learn thy Will, O LORD.

IV.

I'll leave my Sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for Heav'n ;
O may I love this blessed Day,
The best of all the sev'n !

E

SONG XXVIII.

For the LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

I.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole Assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of Heav'n, and learn the Way.

II.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little Heav'n below:
Not all my Pleasure and my Play
Shall tempt me to forget this Day.

III.

O write upon my Mem'ry, LORD,
The Text and Doctrines of thy Word;
That I may break thy Laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

IV.

With Thoughts of Christ and Things di-
vine
Fill up this foolish Heart of mine;
That, hoping Pardon thro' his Blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

The TEN COMMANDMENTS, out of the Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for Children.

EXODUS, Chap. xx.

1. **T**HOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no Idol bow thy Knee.
3. Take not the Name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy Parents Honour due.
6. Take Heed that thou no Murder do.
7. Abstain from Words and Deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful Lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy Neighbour's dare not covet.

The Sum of the COMMANDMENTS, out of the New Testament.

MATT. xxii. 37.

WITH all thy Soul love God above,
And as thyself thy Neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

MATT. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to Men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

LOVE GOD with all your Soul and
Strength,

With all your Heart and Mind:
And love your Neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;

What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

*Out of my Book of HYMNS I have here
added the HOSANNA, and GLORY to
the Father, &c. to be sung at the End
of any of these Songs, according to the
Direction of Parents or Governors.*

*The HOSANNA; or, Salvation ascribed to
CHRIST.*

Long Metre.

I.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior Throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly Birth,
Who brings Salvation down on Earth.

II.

Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age,
In this delightful Work engage;
Old Men and Babes in Sion sing
The growing Glories of her King!

Common Metre.

I.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's Race,
And teach the Babes to sing.

II.

Hofanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe Salvation to the LORD,
With Blessings on his Name.

Short Metre.

I.

HOSANNA to the SON
Of David and of God,
Who brought the News of Pardon down,
And bought it with his Blood.

42 DIVINE SONGS, &c.

II.

TO CHRIST th' anointed King,
Be endless Blessings giv'n;
Let the whole Earth his Glory sing,
Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

GLORY *to the* FATHER, *and to*
the SON, &c.

Long Metre.

TO GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth and all in Heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the FATHER and the SON,
And SPIRIT be ador'd,
Wherethere are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the LORD.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
Give Glory to the SON;
And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

A SLIGHT
SPECIMEN
OF
MORAL SONGS,

*Such as I wish some happy and condescending
Genius would undertake for the Use of
Children, and perform much better.*

THE Sense and Subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the *Proverbs of Solomon*, from all the common Appearances of Nature, from all the Occurrences in civil Life, both in City and Country: (Which would also afford Matter for other divine Songs.) Here the Language and Measures should be easy, and flowing with Cheerfulness, with or without the Solemnities of Religion, or the sacred Names of GOD and Holy Things; that Children might find Delight and Profit together.

This would be one effectual Way to deliver them from the Temptations of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane Songs, which give so early an ill Taint to the Fancy and Memory, and become the Seeds of future Vices.

I. *The SLUGGARD.*

I.

'TIS the Voice of a Sluggard; I heard
him complain,

" You have wak'd me too soon, I must
" slumber again ;"

As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his
Bed,

Turns his Sides, and his Shoulders, and his
heavy Head.

II.

" A little more Sleep and a little more
" Slumber ;"

Thus he wastes half his Days, and his Hours
without Number ;

And when he gets up he sits folding his
Hands,

Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he
stands.

III.

I pass'd by his Garden, and saw the wild
Brier,

The Thorn and the Thistle grow broader
and higher ;

The Clothes that hang on him are turning
to Rags ;

And his Money still wastes, till he starves
or he begs.

IV.

I made him a Visit, still hoping to find
He had took better Care for improving his
Mind:

He told me his Dreams, talk'd of Eating
and Drinking:

But he scarce reads his Bible, and never
loves Thinking.

V.

Said I then to my Heart, " Here's a Lesson
" for me :"

That Man's but a Picture of what I might
be :

But Thanks to my Friends for their Care
in my Breeding,

Who taught me betimes to love Working
and Reading.

II. *Innocent Play.*

I.

A Broad in the Meadows to see the young
Lambs [Dams,

Run sporting about by the Side of their
With Fleeces so clean and so white,

Or a Nest of young Doves in a large open
Cage,

When they play all in Love, without Anger
or Rage,

How much we may learn from the Sight!

II.

If we had been Ducks, we might dabble
in Mud,

Or Dogs, we might play till it ended in
Blood;

So foul and so fierce are their Natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty
Names,

Should be cleanly and harmless as Doves
or as Lambs,

Those lovely sweet innocent Creatures.

III.

Not a Thing that we do, nor a Word that
we say,

Should hinder another in Jestings or Play;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt:

How rude are the Boys that throw Pebbles
and Mire!

There's none but a Madman will fling
about Fire,

And tell you, "'Tis all but in Sport."

III. *The Rose.*

I.

HOW fair is the Rose! what a beautiful
Flow'r!

The Glory of April and May!
But the Leaves are beginning to fade in
an Hour,
And they wither and die in a Day.

II.

Yet the Rose has one powerful Virtue to
boast,
Above all the Flowers of the Field:
When its Leaves are all dead, and fine
Colours are lost,
Still how sweet a Perfume it will yield!

III.

So frail is the Youth and the Beauty of
Men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the
Rose:
But all our fond Care to preserve them is
vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

IV.

Then I'll not be proud of my Youth or
my Beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good Name by well doing my
Duty;

This will scent like a Rose when I'm
dead.

IV. *The* THIEF.

I.

WHY should I deprive my Neighbour
Of his Goods against his Will?
Hands were made for honest Labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

II.

'Tis a foolish Self-deceiving
By such Tricks to hope for Gain:
All that's ever got by Thieving
Turns to Sorrow, Shame, and Pain.

III.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad Profit to compute?
To what dismal State they brought us
When they stole forbidden Fruit?

IV.

Oft we see a young Beginner
Practise little pilf'ring Ways,
Till grown up a harden'd Sinner;
Then the Gallows ends his Days!

V.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a Thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his Eye.

VI.

Guard my Heart, O God of Heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my Heart and Hands from Sin.

V. *The* ANT, or EMMET.

I.

THESE Emmets how little they are
in our Eyes!
We tread them to Dust, and a Troop of
them dies,
Without our Regard or Concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their
School,
There's many a Sluggard, and many a Fool,
Some Lessons of Wisdom might learn.

F

II.

They don't wear their Time out in Sleeping
or Play,

But gather up Corn in a sun-shiny Day,
And for Winter they lay up their Stores:
They manage their Work in such regular
Forms,

One would think they foresaw all the Frosts
and the Storms,
And so brought their Food within Doors.

III.

But I have less Sense than a poor creeping
Ant,

If I take not due Care for the Things I
shall want,

Nor provide against Dangers in Time.
When Death or old Age shall stare in my
Face,

What a Wretch shall I be in the End of my
Days,

If I trifle away all their Prime!

IV.

Now, now, while my Strength and my
Youth are in Bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when
Sickness shall come,

And pray that my Sins be forgiv'n:
Let me read in good Books, and believe
and obey,

That, when Death turns me out of this
Cottage of Clay,

I may dwell in a Palace in Heav'n.

VI. *Good Resolutions.*

I.

THough I am now in younger Days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry Place
Where my growing Age shall call me.

II.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my Goodness;
I'll supply the Poor with Meat,
Never shewing Scorn or Rudeness.

III.

Where I see the Blind or Lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

IV.

If I meet with railing Tongues,
Why should I return them Railing,
Since I best revenge my Wrongs
By my Patience never failing!

V.

When I hear them telling Lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

VI.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

VII.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with Pity;
Since I love to help the Weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

VIII.

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

IX.

May I be so watchful still
 O'er my Humours and my Passion,
 As to speak and do no Ill,
 Though it should be all the Fashion.

X.

Wicked Fashions lead to Hell;
 Ne'er may I be found complying;
 But in Life behave so well,
 Not to be afraid of dying.

A SUMMER EVENING.

I.

HOW fine has the Day been; how bright
 was the Sun, [run,
 How lovely and joyful the Course that he
 Though he rose in a Mist when his Race he
 begun,
 And there follow'd some Droppings of
 Rain! [West,
 But now the fair Traveller's come to the
 His Rays are all Gold, and his Beauties
 are best;
 He paints the Sky gay as he sinks to his
 Rest,
 And foretels a bright Rising again.

II.

Just such is the Christian: His Course he
 begins,
 Like the Sun in a Mist, when he mourns
 for his Sins,
 And melts into Tears: Then he breaks out
 and shines,
 And travels his heav'nly Way:
 But, when he comes nearer to finish his Race,
 Like a fine setting Sun he looks richer in
 Grace, [Days,
 And gives a sure Hope, at the End of his
 Of rising in brighter Array!

*Some Copies of the following HYMN having
got abroad already into several Hands, the
Author has been persuaded to permit it to
appear in Public, at the End of these SONGS
for CHILDREN.*

A CRADLE HYMN.

I.

HUSH! my Dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy Bed!
Heav'nly Blessings without Number
Gently falling on thy Head.

II.

Sleep, my Babe; thy Food and Raiment,
House and Home, thy Friends provide;
All without thy Care or Payment,
All thy Wants are well supply'd.

III.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the SON of GOD could be;
When from Heav'n he descended,
And became a Child like thee!

IV.

Soft and easy is thy Cradle,
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
 When his Birth-place was a Stable,
 And his softest Bed was Hay.

V.

Blessed Babe! what glorious Features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!
 Must he dwell with brutal Creatures!
 How could Angels bear the Sight!

VI.

Was there nothing but a Manger
 Cursed Sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly Stranger!
 Did they thus affront their LORD!

VII.

Soft, my Child; I did not chide thee,
 Though my Song might sound too hard:
 'Tis thy { * Mother } fits beside thee,
 { Nurse that }
 And her Arms shall be thy Guard.

* Here you may use the Words *Brother, Sister,*
Neighbour, Friend, &c.

A CRADLE HYMN. 57

VIII.

Yet to read the shameful Story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the LORD of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

IX.

See the kinder Shepherds round him,
Telling Wonders from the Sky! [him,
Where they sought him, there they found
With his Virgin Mother by.

X.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the Mother's Blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

XI.

Lo, he slumbers in his Manger,
Where the horned Oxen fed;
Peace, my Darling, here's no Danger,
Here's no Ox a-near thy Bed.

XII.

'Twas to save thee, Child, from dying,
Save my Dear from burning Flame,
Bitter Groans, and endless Crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

XIII.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy Days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his Face, and sing his Praise!

XIV.

I could give thee thousand Kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a Mother's fondest Wishes
Can to greater Joys aspire!

THE END.

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